

13 Dec
24



J U D G M E N T

O F

P A R I S.

[PRICE ONE SHILLING.]

11749. a

THE
J U D G M E N T
O F *641.e.20.*
8
P A R I S.
A N *R*

ENGLISH ~~M~~URLETTA.

I N T W O A C T S.

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE
T H E A T R E - R O Y A L

I N T H E
H A Y - M A R K E T.

The MUSIC composed by Mr. BARTHELEMON.

By Ralph Schomberg.
— VICIT UTRAMQUE VENUS.


L O N D O N:

PRINTED FOR T. BECKET AND P. A. DE HONDT, IN THE
STRAND.
MDCC LXVIII.

8

ENCLOSURE



T O

SAMUEL COURT, ESQ.

THIS

ENGLISH BURLETTA,

IS INSCRIBED BY

HIS MOST HUMBLE SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.

SAMUEL COLEMAN

THE

ANGLO-AMERICAN

RECORD

OF THE

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Paris,	Mr. MAHOON.
Mercury,	Mr. BANISTER.
Palæmon,	Mr. VANDERMERE.

W O M E N.

Oenone,	Mrs. BARTHELEMON.
Venus,	Miss EDWARDS.
Pallas and Discord, }	Mrs. SAUNDERS.
Juno,	Miss OGILVIE.

Shepherds and Shepherdesses.

SCENE MOUNT IDA.

THE
J U D G M E N T
O F
P A R I S.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter PARIS.

S O N G.

*MY mammy thought in idle dream
(The woman sure was tipsy)
She bore a torch within her weam,
For which, like strolling gypsy,
I'm banish'd far away from home;
To satisfy her malice,
In fields, in woods, o'er hills to roam,
A stranger to her palace.*

B

Thus

Thus by the fates destroy'd my early hope,
I'll end my being—with this friendly rope.

[puts it round his neck.]

What can I do else—by my friends forsaken?

Enter MERCURY.

MERCURY.

No, Paris, no; Hermes, will save thy bacon.
Put on this dress—assume the shepherds trade,

[gives him a dress.]

'Tis only being in a masquerade.

Let not thy noble courage be cast down,
Because thou canst not rake about the town;
Do but attend with patience—and thou'lt find
Some bona roba here—both fair and kind.

S O N G.

'Tis not in a court or city,

That all the sweet lasses they dwell,

You'll here find them tender and pretty,

And answer your purpose as well.

No jewels, no paint, and no patches

Adorn, or their heads or their faces,

They want no such helps, nor such fetches,

But borrow their charms from the graces.

P A R I S.

P A R I S.

I'll even take, good Hermes, your advice,
 And thus transform'd a shepherd in a trice,
[puts it on.]

Henceforth mount Ida be my habitation.
 I'll live contented in a private station,
 And laugh at courts, and all the flattering
 throng,
 They are but bubbles, and scarce worth a song.

S O N G.

*A courtier's a riddle
 Which none can expound,
 Like the string of a fiddle,
 All notes he will sound,
 Now bugging,
 Then shrugging,
 Humbugging,
 And proud;
 Then chattering,
 And flattering,
 Bespattering,
 And loud.
 Allegro and gay,
 When in favour and play,
 But grave and piano,
 When pension's withdrawn-o.*

MERCURY.

Mortals these Proteus shapes, they ne'er
 escape us,
 We all do just the same.—You, only ape us.
 Juno and Jove, in company are civil,
 And yet they hate each other as the devil.
 Our dames celestial, curtsie, nod and smile,
 But when asunder, back-bite and revile,
 Deal scandal round, and still they mean no
 hurt,
 Pal is a prude,—and Venus is a flirt,
 Mars is a bully-rock white-liver'd chief.

PARIS.

Why, surely Hermes, this is past belief.

MERCURY.

They call Apollo, poetaster, harper,
 Neptune a pirate, Me, a paltry sharper.

SONG.

*Like birds of a feather,
 When we are together,
 We kiss, we cajole,
 My dear and my soul.—
 But when parted,
 Hollow-hearted,*

Squab-

[13]

*Squabbling, fighting,
And back-biting
Sister, brother,
We bespatter one another.*

P A R I S.

I'll hence, these environs to reconnoitre,
But who comes here?—E'faith a charming
creature.

Enter OENONE.

M E R C U R Y.

I'll not spoil sport.—I do not think it right.
So Sir, your servant. [Exit Mercury.]

P A R I S.

Gallant and polite.

O E N O N E Sings.

*Now Aurora's blush adorning
All around each mountain top,
Sipping up the pearly drop,
Calls me forth, to hail the morning.
Now I'll hie me to the field,
Where my cows their treasures yield,
Happy as the new-born day,
Tend my lambkins, as they play. [going.]*

P A R I S.

PARIS.

Whither so fast, my fair one, are you going?

OENONE.

Stranger indeed it is not worth your knowing.
On yonder plain, my tender lambkins play,
Thither I mean to haste.

PARIS.

No, pry'thee stay,
And listen shepherdess to what I say.

OENONE Sings.

*My mother when I've been a spinning,
This lesson full often has taught,
The men are bewitching and winning,
To listen, my dear, is a fault.*

PARIS Sings.

*I protest, my sweet charmer of Ida,
Your mother was wrong in her mind.
In the warmth of my passion confide-a,
You'll prove me both loving and kind.*

OENONE.

Love at first sight!—Shepherd you surely joke,
I am not us'd to buy—a pig in poke.

You men will swear, and whine, but to deceive us,

First have your will,—and then—politely leave us.

No, Oeone is not such a fool,
Sh's learnt her lesson—in her mammy's school.

O E N O N E Sings.

*Tho' Cupid is blind, and at random he hits,
That woman must surely be out of her wits,
Who readily hearkens to all you can say,
And cannot—or will not pronounce the word nay.
It is not your sighing, your tears, or your vows,
Believe me, young shepherd, will gain you a spouse.
If in earnest, you'd wooe—shew the acres you've got.*

And the girl that says nay—is a fool and a sot.

[Exit Oenone.]

P A R I S.

Why there she goes—a mercenary jade,
She understands the Smithfield bargain trade,
What's to be done?—Good Mercury attend.

I want assistance—shew yourself a friend.

Enter

Enter MERCURY.

MERCURY.

I know thy wants, young prince, as I'm a God,
And will assist thee—with this twisted rod.

*[He waves his caduceus, the back scene
opens, and discovers a variety of corn
fields, and at a distance herds of cattle,
and flocks of sheep, shepherds, shepher-
desses, &c.]*

These are all thine—

PARIS.

— Sure Mercury you joke us,
These fields and flocks are only—hocus pocus.
My nymph's so thrifty and so circumstantial,
She wants a settlement—far more substan-
tial.

MERCURY.

Be satisfy'd—'tis terra firma, all the cattle
real.

PARIS.

I thought them with submission—but ideal.
So, now I'll seek her out—and to her proffer,
My new estate—She can't refuse the offer.

[Exit Paris.]

MERCURY Sings.

*Could but mortals know the troubles
 Large possessions with them bring,
 They would scorn the airy bubbles
 Which are ever on the wing.*

*Built on such a slight foundation,
 Hymen vainly tries the knot.
 Soon, too soon, succeeds vexation,
 When the marriage vow's forgot.*

*Swains attend to my direction,
 If in peace you'd pass your lives,
 Seek not riches, but affection,
 And be happy with your wives.*

*Maidens, hear the voice of reason,
 And this maxim still pursue.
 Never slip the happy season,
 When you find your lovers true.*

[Exit Mercury.]

*[A Dance here by a Shepherd and
 Shepherdes.]*

C

Enter

Enter PARIS and OENONE.

PARIS Sings.

*You are bonny,
My sweet honey,
I do love you as my life.*

OENONE.

*If my dear youth,
You but speak truth,
Sure you'll take me for your wife.*

PARIS.

I will do it.

OENONE.

*Won't you rue it,
When the honey moon is over?*

PARIS.

*Nothing ever,
Us shall sever.
I will be your constant lover.*

Nymph

*Nymph so bonny,
My sweet honey,
Do permit me one embrace?*

O E N O N E.

*Pray excuse it,
I refuse it
'Till the parson first says grace.*

P A R I S.

Dost thou then think—I'd leave thee in the
lurch?
No, to convince thee—let us go to church,
What though 'tis late.—I'll pay the double
fees.

O E N O N E.

You then may do with me—whate'er you
please.

P A R I S.

Comenymphsandfwainsattendustothear.

O E N O N E.

You shall not see me whimper,

P A R I S.

Nor me falter.

C 2

CHORUS.

C H O R U S.

*We will hie in couples thither,
And be fairly tack'd together,
Then be frolicksome and joyous,
Nor shall e'er possession cloy us.*

End of ACT the First.

A C T

A C T II.

SCENE the Palace of Peleus.

Enter DISCORD in tattered robes, a drawn dagger in her hand, serpents about her head, &c.

DISCORD.

Husband and wife, I fill with jealous fears,
And the best friends—I set them by the ears;
Pleasures I damp, and turn to bitter labours,
And plague, and teaze, and scandalize my neighbours;
My chief delight is mischief, brawls and riot,
Nor will I let mankind remain in quiet.

S O N G.

*At Peleus wedding,
I've set them a madding,
There's scratching of faces,
And tearing of laces.
O! I'm pleas'd to see them grapple!
Scolding,*

(22)

*Scolding, brawling,
Caterwawling,
Squabbling for the golden apple.*

Enter MERCURY.

MERCURY.

Thou haggard witch; what work hast thou
been making?
The folks within are in a dreadful taking.
I know not how their noisy clacks to quell.

DISCORD.

Let them rage louder—for I like it well.
I see still blacker clouds—destruction
brewing.
And this day's jobb—shall be fair Troy's
undoing.

MERCURY.

Hence, thou worse than witch of Endor,
Spite of thee I will defend her.

[Exit Discord laughing.]

Great are the mischiefs which will hence
ensue,

And many a child unborn this day shall rue—

Paris, the goddesses, will soon petition,
Judge in this cause—how hard is his condition.

S O N G.

*When a pretty black-ey'd wench
Comes before the awful bench,
In her favour it decrees.
Vain will be the lawyer's pleading
Beauty certain of succeeding,
With her glances,
More advances,
Than the client, with his fees.*

[Exit Mercury.]

SCENE a Bower.

PARIS and OENONE discovered.

O E N O N E.

Will my sweet husband, then depart so soon?
And leave his deary—'fore the honey-moon?
Consider what it is, to wear the willow,
To sigh, and sob, and hug the lonely pillow.

P A R I S.

Upon my honor, I am very loth,
To leave my darling.

• O E N O N E.

O E N O N E.

That's a courtier's oath.
 Before we married you was not so cold,
 I fear'd indeed—it was too hot to hold.

O E N O N E Sings.

*Thus to leave me,
 And deceive me,
 How can husband be so cruel!
 Love bestowing,
 Then a-going,
 To the fire is adding fuel.*

P A R I S

'Tis honour calls—so child be not untoward,
 I would not for the world be deem'd a
 coward.
 Besides, you see, by Priam, Troy's anointed,
 [Shews a paper,
 I plenipo, and envoy am appointed
 At the gay Spartan court—so never grieve,
 Since all my flocks, and fields to thee I leave.

P A R I S Sings.

*Be not, popsy, in a pet,
 Never pout, and pine, and fret,
 Pray have done with all this pother.*

Young

(25)

*Young and healthy,
Gay and wealthy,
Now I'm going—wed another.*

[Exit Paris.

O E N O N E.

Have I for this, Palæmon's love refus'd ?
To have my virgin honour thus abus'd ?
Assist me woman's pride—Is that availing ?
No, no,—I cannot mend the matter with my
railing.
But here he comes—I'll sing a mournful
ditty;
I hope 'twill melt his honest heart with
pity.

Enter PALÆMON.

O E N O N E Sings.

*Ye warblers, whose musick so sweet
Fond echo, is pleas'd to repeat,
O! cease for a while your soft strains,
And pity, ah! pity my pains.*

PALÆMON.

I've heard, fair nymph, of your unhappy fate,
You see repentance often comes too late.

D

But

But of my love, to give you full conviction,
I'm come to comfort you in your affliction.

S O N G.

*Nymph I come once more a wooing,
Must I ever be pursuing,
Wilt thou have me, ay or nay?
I am still at thy devotion,
Long to tarry is a notion,
I've no time to throw away.*

O E N O N E.

Me, shepherd, something unawares you've
taken,
How can I well forget—I've been forsaken?

P A L Æ M O N.

Drown all your cares, forget your former
vows,
And take the young Palæmon to your spouse.

S O N G.

*Mark the turtle, and the dove
See they sportive coo and love,
Frolicsome they kiss and play,
Come, my charmer, come, be gay.*

(27)

*Wou'd you fond Palæmon bind,
You be chearful—he'll be kind.
I am honest, blyth and free,
I'll leave moping and agree.*

O E N O N E.

*Since you're honest, blyth and free,
I'll leave moping and agree.*

D U E T.

P A L Æ M O N.

I am honest, blyth and free.

O E N O N E.

Since you're honest, blyth and free.

P A L Æ M O N.

Leave your moping and agree.

O E N O N E.

I'll leave moping—and agree.

[Exeunt Palæmon and Oenone.]

D 2

Enter

Enter PARIS and MERCURY.

[*Mercury holding the apple.*]

MERCURY.

Thou must not stir an inch without permission,

Appointed judge—behold great Jove's commission,
[*shews a large parchment.*]

And I both clerk and cryer of the court,
Am order'd here, to open the report.
At Peleus' nuptial feast, the other day,
Whilst all was joyous, frolicksome and gay,
Discord, this apple drop'd.—To end my
story,

On which was written—*Detur Pulchriori.*
Scolding ensu'd of course—and loud division.
To thee is left—the critical decision.

PARIS.

Hermes, can I, who never read the laws,
Give a decree in such a ticklish cause?
Pardon me, Sir.

MERCURY.

M E R C U R Y.

— 'Twill not admit delay,
Like suits at law—put off from day to day.
The court's conven'd, and you must strait
before 'em,
Sit as a judge and—justice of the *quorum*.
[*Scene opens, discovers mount Ida, at the
foot of which is placed a chair, Paris takes
his seat.*]

M E R C U R Y.

Oyez! oyez, oyez!—Celestial dames.
Appear in court, and answer to your names.
Juno.

Enter JUNO:

J U N O.

Here.

M E R C U R Y.

Venus.

Enter VENUS.

V E N U S.

Here.

M E R C U R Y.

Pallas.

Enter

Enter PALLAS.

PALLAS.

Here.

MERCURY.

How will you be try'd ?

JUNO, VENUS, PALLAS.

*Paris shall the cause decide,
By his judgment we'll abide.*

PARIS Sings.

*Vers'd in quirks, and in quibbles,
The lawyer, he scribbles,
And moves his mellifluous tongue.
'Twixt demur and vacation,
He'll raise expectation,
Then sink your estate—to a song.*

But I, in law have little skill, and know-
ledge,

Ne'er bred at Lincoln's Inn—or either col-
ledge.

If I mistake, as probably I may—

Ladies, excuse—my premier coup d' essai.

Proceed to trial.—

MERCURY.

MERCURY.

Ladies, if you please,
First pay in court—the customary fees.

JUNO Sings.

*I am Juno,
I'd have you know,
Queen of Jupi, and his thunder.
Then agree, sir,
And to me, sir,
Let these madams, truckle under.
What is wisdom, what is beauty,
Power, and wealth, are thy reward;
Shepherd then perform your duty,
And to Me, the prize award.*

VENUS.

I, who with soft desires enflame the heart,
Behold am acting now—a suppliant's part:
*To me most sure belongs the golden prize,
Who rule the gods of hell, of seas, and skies.*
I know your bosom feels the dear impression,
Then—as you'd hope—bestow on me com-
passion.

SONG

S O N G.

*Devoted at fair Helen's feet,
 When you, your ardent vows repeat,
 And sigh, and weep, complain and pray,
 Then will I swain, your call obey;
 And tho' you sigh, complain, implore,
 And she disdainful cries no more:*

*To you propitious, will I prove,
 And will inspire her heart with love,
 Then, when encircled in her arms,
 Enraptur'd you possess her charms,
 She, in her turn, shall kiss, implore,
 And in fond whispers—cry—encore.*

P A L L A S.

By headstrong passions, be not hurried on,
 Nor grasp a shadow, prince, to be undone;
 By wisdom guided—reason's laws pursue,
 Riches have wings—and so has beauty too:
 Beauty is but the plaything of an hour—
 And what is all the pageantry of pow'r?

S O N G.

S O N G.

*On your mind be this imprest,
 Wealth and beauty are but bubbles;
 Airy toys and—certain troubles,
 Even painful while possesst;
 But where heaven-born wisdom reigns,
 Virtue, honour, her befriending,
 Ever at her call attending,
 Think how great will be your gains.*

P A R I S.

How crabbed, and perplexing is this cause,
 I cannot well decide—without a pause;
 Let us adjourn the court—consult the judges.

M E R C U R Y.

From hence, 'till sentence passës, no one
 budes.

P A R I S (after some pause) Sings.

*Riches, titles, pow'r, dominion,
 May with ministers of state,
 Have their influence and weight,
 They are nought, in my opinion.*

E

Poets,

*Poets, lawyers, priests, physicians,
May appear to vulgar eyes,
Wondrous learned, grave, and wise,
I,— not envy their conditions.
Paphian goddess take this treasure,
[gives her the apple.
I confess myself thy slave,
So are all the great and brave,
Triumph beauty, joy, and pleasure.*

C H O R U S.

*Paphian goddess take the treasure,
Triumph beauty, joy, and pleasure.*

F I N I S.

